Lucpicr's INVOCATION TO NIGHT

[6] *O* comfort-killing Night, image of hell '
Dim register and notary of shame [f]
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell
'
Vast sin-concealing chaos [f] nurse of blame
'
Blind mufPed bawd [f] dark harbour for defame '
Grim cave of death ' whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

' *O* hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night [r]
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time ,
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head*

' With rotten damps ravish the morning air,
Let their exhaPd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick,
And let thy misty vapours inarch so thick.
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night

' Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
TJie silver-shining queen he would distam,
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again ,
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth wdt assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage,

* Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy,

But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans
301